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MY HARP ALONE

From  
The Celebrated Poem  
ROKEBY  
by Walter Scott

Composed by

L. JANSEN

Ent Sta Holl

Price 1/6

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ALLEGRO

*hr* I was a mild and wayward Boy My childhood scorn'd each

*hr* Childish toy Re-tir'd from all re-serv'd and coy Re-tir'd from all re =

*hr* serv'd and coy To musing prone To mus-ing prone I woo'd my so-li-ta-ry

joy My Harp alone, My Harp alone, My Harp alone, My Harp a=lone, To

mus=ing prone I mov'd my so=li=ta=ry joy My Harp a=lone, My Harp My Harp a=

= lone.

## 2

My Youth with bold ambition's mood,  
 Despis'd the humble Stream and Wood  
 When my poor Father's Cottage stood,  
 To fame unknown,  
 What should my soaring views make good,  
 My Harp alone!

## 3

Love came with all his frantic fire,  
 And wild romance of vain desire;  
 The Barons Daughter, heard my Lyre,  
 And prais'd the tone!  
 What could presumptuous hope inspire,  
 My Harp alone!